

## THE DAILY BEE.

OMAHA PUBLISHING CO., PROPRIETORS.  
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## RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

LEAVE CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS AND  
 MILWAUKEE FOR OMAHA.  
 Leave Omaha—Passenger No. 2, 8:30 a. m.  
 Accommodation No. 4, 10:15 a. m.  
 Arrive Omaha—Passenger No. 1, 8:30 p. m.  
 Accommodation No. 3, 10:15 p. m.

LEAVE OMAHA FOR ST. LOUIS, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS AND  
 MILWAUKEE.  
 Leave Omaha—Passenger No. 2, 8:30 a. m.  
 Accommodation No. 4, 10:15 a. m.  
 Arrive Omaha—Passenger No. 1, 8:30 p. m.  
 Accommodation No. 3, 10:15 p. m.

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## OMAHA Business Directory.

JOHN L. McCAULEY, opposite Post Office.  
 W. B. BARTLETT, 317 South 13th Street.

Abstract and Real Estate.  
 JOHN L. McCAULEY, opposite Post Office.  
 W. B. BARTLETT, 317 South 13th Street.

Architects.  
 DUPRENE & ARCHITECTS, 1015 Farnham Street.  
 A. T. LARSEN, Jr., Room 2, Creighton Block.

Boots and Shoes.  
 JAMES DAVINE & CO., 1015 Farnham Street.  
 THOS. KRICKSON, S. E. cor. 16th and Douglas.

Bed Springs.  
 J. F. LARRIMER, Manufacturer, 1517 Douglas St.  
 J. I. FRIEDMAN, 1015 Farnham Street.

Books, News and Stationery.  
 J. I. FRIEDMAN, 1015 Farnham Street.  
 J. I. FRIEDMAN, 1015 Farnham Street.

Butter and Eggs.  
 MESSING & SCHROEDER, the oldest B. & E.  
 house in Nebraska, established 1875, Omaha.

Central Restaurant.  
 A. RYAN, 1015 Farnham Street.  
 Board for the Day, Week or Month.

Clothing Bought.  
 J. HARRIS, will pay highest cash price for second  
 hand clothing. Corner 10th and Farnham.

Junk.  
 H. BERTHOLD, 1015 Farnham Street.  
 Lumber, Lime and Cement.

Lamps and Glassware.  
 J. BONNER, 1309 Douglas St. Good Variety.  
 W. M. SNYDER, 14th and Farnham Streets.

Millinery.  
 C. A. LINDQUIST, 1015 Farnham Street.  
 One of our most popular milliners in Omaha.

Pharmacies.  
 J. A. RINGIER, Wholesale and Retail, 1015  
 Farnham Street. Drugs, Chemicals, and  
 Surgical Supplies.

Plumbers.  
 J. A. RINGIER, Wholesale and Retail, 1015  
 Farnham Street. Plumbing, Gas and  
 Steam Fitting.

Real Estate.  
 J. A. RINGIER, Wholesale and Retail, 1015  
 Farnham Street. Real Estate, Insurance,  
 and General Business.

Restaurants.  
 J. A. RINGIER, Wholesale and Retail, 1015  
 Farnham Street. Restaurants, Cafes,  
 and Banquet Halls.

Shoe Repairing.  
 J. A. RINGIER, Wholesale and Retail, 1015  
 Farnham Street. Shoe Repairing, Shoe  
 Making, and Shoe Polishing.

Stations.  
 J. A. RINGIER, Wholesale and Retail, 1015  
 Farnham Street. Stations, Ticket Agents,  
 and Travel Agencies.

Stores.  
 J. A. RINGIER, Wholesale and Retail, 1015  
 Farnham Street. Stores, Retail and  
 Wholesale.

Trades.  
 J. A. RINGIER, Wholesale and Retail, 1015  
 Farnham Street. Trades, Crafts, and  
 Artisanal Work.

Wholesale.  
 J. A. RINGIER, Wholesale and Retail, 1015  
 Farnham Street. Wholesale, Bulk, and  
 Retail.

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## Cigars and Tobacco.

WEST & FRITZ, Dealers in Cigars, and  
 Wholesale Dealers in Tobacco, 1305 Douglas.  
 N. F. LORNGER, manufacturer 1416 Farnham.

## Florist.

A. DENINGER, plants, cut flowers, bouquets,  
 etc. 21 W. cor. 16th and Douglas streets.

Civil Engineers and Surveyors.  
 ANDREW ROSEWATER, Creighton Block,  
 Town Survey, Grading and Sewerage Systems &  
 Specialty.

Commission Merchants.  
 JOHN C. BEEBE, 1114 Dodge Street.  
 D. B. BEER, For details see large advertisement  
 in Daily and Weekly.

Cornice Works.  
 Western Cornice Works, Manufacturers Iron  
 Cornice, Tin, Iron and Slate Roofing. Orders  
 from local party promptly executed in the best  
 manner. Factory and Office 1213 Harvey St.

Crockery.  
 J. BONNER, 1309 Douglas Street. Good line.

Clothing and Furnishings Goods.  
 GEO. H. PETERSON, Also Hats, Caps, Boots,  
 Shoes, Notions and Outfitters, 804 S. 10th Street.

Refrigerators, Canfield's Patent.  
 C. F. GOODMAN, 11th St. bet. Farnham & Harney.

Show Case Manufacturer.  
 O. J. WILDE, 1114 Dodge Street.  
 Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Show  
 Cases, Display Cases, etc. 1114 Dodge Street.

Stoves and Ranges.  
 FRANK L. GEMMILL, proprietor Omaha  
 Show Case Manufacturer, 1114 Dodge Street,  
 between Leavenworth and Marcy. All goods  
 warranted first class.

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## Funny Signs.

I saw a cow hide in the grass.  
 A fish hook in the door.  
 I saw a co-die in the mud.  
 And a tell-punch at the door.

I saw a horse fly over a creek.  
 A catnip at her foot.  
 I saw a chestnut-burr, and heard,  
 A shell-bark in the wood.

I saw a jack-pot on a board.  
 A car spring off the track.  
 I saw out of the door,  
 And then a carpet-cik.

I saw a monkey-catch a hat.  
 From a fair lady's pate.  
 I saw a rat bite a man's leg.  
 And a hog head on the plate.

I saw a lady-catch a glass.  
 I saw a shooting-star.  
 I heard the corn-cob in the field,  
 And pig-crown-crow-bark.

I saw a pin-wheel off a post.  
 And a wheel-wright in a shop.  
 I saw a ginsling upon a bag—  
 I saw a ginsling-pup.

I saw a house-fly over a field.  
 I saw an over-cast fog.  
 I saw a half-eaten and a clam-bake.  
 And a chicken-stew.

I saw a sword-fish from a bank.  
 I heard the water-spout.  
 And saw a tobacco-o-quit, and then  
 I heard an eye-bawl out.

I saw a fence-rail at the fun,  
 I heard a waist-band play.  
 A lovely stir in a sweet spittoon—  
 And then I went away.

## BLAKE'S WIDOW.

Wm. S. Richardson in the Boston Courier.

Jen Blake had been shot dead in  
 his own doorway by Antonio Guello,  
 and the trial was to come off directly.

The extraordinary interest in the  
 affair was less due to the murder and  
 its peculiar circumstances than to the  
 fact that this was the first case tried  
 at San Saba in any more formal court  
 than the time-honored institution of  
 Judge Lynch.

Jen had been a quiet  
 man and a good neighbor, with a  
 hand always ready to help any one  
 who was out of luck, so public sentiment  
 ran pretty high against Antonio.

If the general indignation had been  
 followed—as, up to that time it always  
 had—the last named gentleman would  
 have found very scant opportunity to  
 make any remarks in his own behalf.

However, things were advancing at  
 San Saba as well as elsewhere, and it  
 wouldn't do to hang an onio without a  
 regular trial, no matter how agreeable  
 such a proceeding might be to the  
 people at large.

So ran the opinion expressed by  
 Judge Pithado, who on such  
 subjects were generally accepted with-  
 out comment.

Nevertheless there was more than  
 one dissenter in the present instance,  
 to whom it was by no means clear  
 that there could be any sense or profit  
 in thus beating about the bush.

"If Antonio's going to be hung,  
 why in—don't we hang him?"  
 This was the pertinent query of  
 Jake Smith, the leader of the opposi-  
 tion faction, and his view of the ques-  
 tion put it in so clear a light that the  
 judge had great difficulty in impress-  
 ing people with his conviction. He  
 said things had gone on in an irregu-  
 lar way long enough, and here was a  
 chance to start the law in properly,  
 and give it a fair show. Besides, it  
 didn't make any kind of difference;  
 Well, then, what was the use of talk-  
 ing? All the jury would have to do  
 now was to return their verdict of  
 guilty in the first degree, and there  
 you were all comfortable.

It was just the same thing in the  
 end, exactly.  
 "I tell yer," said the judge, who  
 felt the weight of his title, albeit the  
 same was altogether one of courtesy;  
 "I tell yer there's nothin' like doin' it  
 this regular, particularly when yer  
 know just how it's comin' out."

So the judge's argument, supported  
 by his influence, and increasing bias  
 at San Saba in favor of more civilized  
 views, settled the matter, and it was  
 decided that Antonio Guello should  
 be tried before he was hanged.

As there was no place specially ar-  
 ranged for such ceremonies, Judge  
 Pithado hospitably offered the use of  
 his shed.

Here a rough table and chair were  
 placed for the judge, the other neces-  
 sary furniture intended to represent  
 the dock, the stand, etc., being ckeed  
 out with boxes from Silas Baggett's  
 grocery store.

Jake Smith looked on at these  
 preparations for a time with frowning  
 discontent, and then strolled down  
 the road, turning into the lane that  
 led to Blake's.

When he reached the door of the  
 shanty he leaned against the jamb  
 and poked his naked head inside, fan-  
 ning himself in an embarrassed way  
 with his greasy fragment of a hat.

He had come there with the intention  
 of saying something, but the sight  
 within made him forget it.

Blake's widow sat there, as she had  
 sat pretty much all the time since the  
 murder, staring straight before her,  
 with her chin in her palm. The sun-  
 light struck through the foliage of the  
 red oak trees that grew before the  
 door, and checked with flickering  
 brightness the floor and the cradle  
 where Jen's baby was sleeping.

There it was, just as it had been  
 three days ago; (could it be only three  
 days?) just as it had been when she  
 went out that morning to look after  
 the drying clothes, and left him stand-  
 ing in the door by the cradle, (how  
 fond he was of the baby) just as it was  
 when she heard the crack of the pistol,  
 and ran in with an awful sense of  
 suffocating fright; just the same as  
 she had found him lying upon the  
 cradle, dabbling its white linen with  
 his blood, and the baby playing with  
 his hair. She screamed once, the  
 first and last complaint any one had  
 heard her make; then she was quiet  
 and helpful through it all; when the  
 men came and lifted him up, when  
 they laid him out upon the rough bed  
 in the other room, when they carried  
 him to his grave, when following with  
 the baby in her arms.

Jake Smith was trying to find the  
 link missing in his thoughts; he smil-  
 ed with perplexity—or something—  
 and Blake's widow looked up without  
 speaking. Jake nodded pleasantly  
 four or five times.

"Poosty chippy" said he.  
 Blake's widow smiled sadly, bent  
 over the sleeping child and smoothed  
 the clothes with a tender touch.

"They're agoin to try him in the  
 court," Jake went on, "an' I don't be-  
 lieve—"

"Try who—Antonio?" She turned  
 toward the burly figure in the door  
 with a flash of interest in her black  
 eyes.

"Yes. The judge is makin a court  
 out of his shed. I hope it'll turn out  
 all right, but it seems like grand old  
 Mexican devil a chance he ought not  
 ter have."

"He can't get clear, can he?" she  
 asked, rocking the cradle gently and  
 patting the coverlet.

"I don't see how, but he's got some  
 kind of a law case to speak for him.  
 A fellow that stopped here a day or  
 two ago on his way to Galveston, and  
 it makes me kind of nervous."

Blake's widow did not appear to no-  
 tice the last remark, for the child,  
 disturbed by the talking, had awak-  
 ened and sat up in his cradle with a  
 wondering look.

"Poosty, ain't he?" said Jake, re-  
 garding the small figure with interest.  
 "Looks just like—ahem!—you. Poor  
 little—ahem!" he stammered, and  
 treated his hat like a mortal enemy.

"Of course he's had—you've got—  
 these ain't nothing I could do fur yer,  
 maybe?"

She answered with a grateful look,  
 but it was accompanied by a shake of  
 the head.

Jake bent down, and with his big  
 forefinger softly ruffled the hair of  
 the baby's head; then he went out  
 and left them, Blake's widow sitting  
 as he had found her, and the baby  
 staring down the path after him.

He walked on until he reached the  
 top of the hill, where he could see  
 look down upon the roof which cov-  
 ered the pitiful scene he had just  
 left. Here he seemed to have half a  
 mind to turn back, for he hesitated  
 and stopped, but he changed his par-  
 tial intention after jingering a mo-  
 ment, and walked meditatively on-  
 ward, with the exclamation, "Wall,  
 some women do beat 'em—I amazin'!"

Of course everybody came to the  
 trial. The arrangements were soon  
 found to be altogether too meagre.  
 Pithado's shed was filled to overflow-  
 ing, and Baggett made a clean sweep  
 of every box in his store.

Antonio's lawyer, a sharp-eyed,  
 sharp-featured fellow from Galveston,  
 had hustled about with surprising  
 agility on the day previous, holding  
 mysterious conference with ill-con-  
 ditioned fellows of Guello's kind.

Jake Smith was highly dissatisfied,  
 and even the judge was heard to in-  
 ter some meagings; however by the  
 time the proceedings had really com-  
 menced he gained confidence.

The court was assembled, the jury  
 had been chosen, and the witnesses  
 were all present save one—Blake's  
 widow.

Pretty soon there was a stir at the  
 door; then a murmur of surprise ran  
 through the crowded room.

"May I be—d—d," said Jake  
 Smith, audibly, "if she hasn't brought  
 her baby!"

What reason any may have had for  
 not leaving that little thing in charge  
 of some sympathizing woman—and  
 there were plenty who would have  
 been glad of the trust—was not ap-  
 parent; however that might be, there  
 it was clasped firmly in her arms, its  
 bright red cheeks contrasting with her  
 widow's, and its father's sunny hair  
 mingling with her dark locks.

With some difficulty way was made  
 through the throng to her seat, which  
 had been placed on one side of the  
 judge, directly opposite the candle-  
 box on the other, where Antonio sat.

She took her place and never moved  
 during the whole of the trial, except-  
 ing as she was required to testify, and  
 once when the baby tugged at some